

The Evening World.

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NOT YET NECESSARY.

NEW YORK is justified in demanding that a little cool, hard, common sense be brought to bear on the proposal to close amusements and other evening activities at 10 P. M. or earlier in the interest of fuel saving.

When such a step becomes a recognized economic necessity of war this city will accept the loss it entails without question or complaint.

But the fact that fuel administrators, grappling with big and unaccustomed tasks, have encountered initial difficulties that involve them in temporary blockades and tangles does not prove that the immense coal resources of the country are impaired.

Or that those resources are not ample, with more efficient distribution, to supply war needs and still leave a comfortable margin for industrial and private consumption for a considerable time to come.

It is quite possible, in fact, that a year hence, if the nation is still at war, coal will be produced and distributed far more plentifully and regularly than now when fuel administrators have so many lessons to learn and so much of their programme to work out.

Even a few weeks may see a vast improvement in the situation. A. H. Smith, of the New York Central, who is Director General McAdoo's first aid in charge of transportation on Eastern lines, declared yesterday that Government operation of the railroads has already progressed far enough to guarantee that there will be no further coal famine in any part of the country this winter.

He expressed the belief that neither in New England nor in New York, where the coal shortage has been worst, will industries have to shut down for lack of fuel or householders fail to receive reasonable supplies.

Why then should New York change its hours, destroy half the business of its theatres and restaurants and inflict serious loss in many directions, when it is plain that better organization of traffic already promises adequate delivery of coal?

It is not fair to nag at the fuel administrators and the Government railroad directors. They have had to tackle new and unfamiliar jobs and it may be assumed that they are getting them in hand as fast as is humanly possible.

But until it is clearly shown that all ways and means of obtaining and distributing more coal have been exhausted, there is no need of imposing upon New York or any other city schemes of hasty and precipitate privation.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—Net profits far surpassing all previous records were reported by Swift & Co., packers, to-day, for the fiscal year ended with September, 1917. The profits given are equivalent to 34.65 per cent. on the company's \$100,000,000 capital stock and compare with net profits of \$20,450,000 in 1918, which were equal to 27.29 per cent. on the \$75,000,000 stock then outstanding.—News Item.

Packers' profits close to 35 per cent! No wonder meat prices are high. Where's Hoover?

SUFFRAGE NEARER ITS TRIUMPH.

THE Woman Suffrage Amendment skinned through the House, thanks to the timely momentum imparted to it by the President. Though the margin of victory was of the smallest, it was victory none the less. That victory must now be repeated in the Senate if the Suffrage Amendment to the Federal Constitution is to be submitted to the several States.

Time was when there would have been weighty and memorable debates on such a question in the Senate of the United States. Time was when the ripest intellects and the most brilliant gifts of oratory to be found in that august body would have roused themselves to their best efforts to battle over the principle of State sovereignty as the framers of the Constitution conceived it.

Nobody expects any such illustrious revival of Senatorial vigor at the challenge of the Woman Suffrage Amendment.

On the floor there will be a few speeches, in the lobbies a great scurrying after needed votes—and the measure will squeeze through, as in the Lower House.

The nation is too pre-occupied with the issues of freedom and self-determination on a world scale to notice all that happens to constitutional rights and liberties at home.

So far the prohibitionists have had their way. We can certainly not begrudge the nobler cause of Woman Suffrage an equally successful drive toward Federal sanction and sovereignty.

After all, it is one hundred and eighteen years since the third President of the United States, delivering his inaugural address, emphasized among the principles that "form the bright constellation that has gone before, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation":

"The support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies."

Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

Would Brand Profiters.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Your editorial on "Good at Its Inn-
ous Worst" is the straightest shot
fired at this gang of scoundrels since
the war started. A spy or traitor is
not one-half so contemptible as these
business profiteers. Shooting them
would be too honorable for such crea-
tures. Brand the word traitor on
their foreheads. Don't permit any
whitewashing.
M. F.

Soldier's Wife Wants Husband's Pay.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am the wife of a soldier who will
have nine years of service to his
credit with Uncle Sam next July. In
November each man had to allot so
much to his wife and family. Now
why doesn't the Government pay the
people at home the money that is due
them? I need the money and guess
the rest of the folks do too. I hope
some one will take an interest in this
article and see what can be done for
the people at home who are in want.
MRS. E. J. C.

Love!

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By J. H. Cassel



The Burden Bearers

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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YESTERDAY a man was run over by an automobile. He was a very old man. He was crossing the street from his home and evidently slipped in the street and was overtaken by the machine ere he had time to save himself. I saw several strong men lift the machine ere he had time to save himself. I saw several strong men lift the machine ere he had time to save himself. I saw several strong men lift the machine ere he had time to save himself.

At the moment I was the only woman about and hurriedly found two automobile robes with which to cover him. A crowd gathered quickly. While some people rushed about to find an officer others ran to telephone for an ambulance. But out of that crowd soon came a woman's voice: "Father, father, I'm coming. I'm right by you now." And we made way for her—this frail little woman who carried her arm in a sling and quietly, sweetly, the voice of the woman reassured the mourning man.

"Patience, father dear, patience. Just think how patient I was when I broke my arm. Just a little courage. Help will soon be here and we will make you comfortable. It's quite all right. I will take care of you every minute. My left arm is good and strong yet."

The old man looked up at her with only that look of trust and belief in dear ones that come to the patient, poor.

It seemed a long time before the hospital's aid came and there the woman sat on the ground with her

arm around the injured man. Pretty soon her voice became almost a whisper, but always you could hear the words, "Patience, have courage." "Just think how patient you thought I was through the long weary days. Just think how patient you have been all your life in everything, in all your troubles. Now bear up under this one." And pretty soon the old man was comforted and quieted, and asked those about him to be sure and find his glasses. I know he had listened to that cry of patience, and answered by giving reassurance to her that he was thinking of other things. As I watched this scene and saw the poorly clad woman I realized that she was a burden bearer of no small degree. I saw the sorrow of the woman who do not shine in the newspapers, but who go forth to the great battle of things as they come with the whining of patience that in the last analysis always wins.

I sometimes wonder why it is that so often those who bear a burden have no one to help them. And I saw somewhat of the answer in this little scene. The world needs the ones who can endure that they may aid even weaker ones for whom they become the staff in time of stress.

To me that little woman is the woman of the hour. She is the salt of the earth and the savior of the race. She's on the battlefield giving the cup of water to the famished and wounded. She is in the trenches bravely holding up broken arms and legs. She is in the congested areas of a great city, in the hovel of the pauper giving the relief at the time most needed.

She is everywhere. You can recognize her. She never appears on the letterheads of charity institutions. She is an institution in herself. She gives the old without red tape and her watchword is "Patience." Help her as you find her. She is your burden bearer as a factor in the community.

"Movies" in London 200 Years Ago

ALTHOUGH our ancestors of two centuries ago would doubtless be overcome with awe and wonder if they could be permitted to witness a modern picture show, we of to-day cry in concluding that the "movies" were wholly unknown to them. The first known reference to motion pictures as a form of popular entertainment is in the London Tailor of Dec. 27, 1769, containing an advertisement of a movie theatre in the Strand. The announcement, headed "Never Seen Before," invites the public to witness "a picture, finely drawn, by an extraordinary Master, which has many curious and wonderful pleasing and surprising motions in it, all natural."

These early and crude "movies" were very popular for a time, but their vogue was short. The genius of the moving picture soon took root, and in less than two centuries the Edison's kinematograph, an apparatus for

taking pictures of moving objects, is a development, through the photographic camera of the cinema camera, which has become the most popular form of entertainment in the world. The father of English science, in the thirteenth century, Edison's kinematograph, the apparatus for the exhibition of the pictures taken by the kinematograph, had its germ in the magic lantern, the invention of which was also ascribed to Bacon. The invention of the camera obscura and many other epochal inventions were a first, but he was accused of heresy and the practice of black magic because of his scientific work and was long confined in prison. The magic lantern was considered a device of the devil, and it passed out of use and was re-invented by Athanasius Kircher in the seventeenth century.

The first "movies" were magic lantern exhibitions of picture portions of which were movable. Much ingenuity was displayed by the artists who produced these pictures, but they were necessarily very limited in scope.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I WISH I were a young man's darling rather than an old man's slave," asserted Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith.

"You are lucky, I think," remarked Mrs. Jarr coldly. "If you had a young husband instead of an old one he would enlist if he had any spirit, and if he didn't enlist he would be drafted."

"Won't they draft old husbands for anything?" asked Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, somewhat anxiously. "I thought men past active military age might be taken into some of the war departments. Now, my husband knows all about wooden goods, and there is always something in the newspapers about uniforms or blankets for the soldiers."

"I don't believe you would care a bit if any husband of yours, old or young, did go off to war," said Mrs. Jarr. "But what would you do if such a thing did happen?"

"I'd be very unhappy, I suppose," said the visitor, "but if I didn't go abroad to be a nurse I'd probably go on the stage. I've always wanted to be an actress, and they say that the theatres will be kept open all through the war so the public will be cheered up."

"You'd have to be chaperoned, wouldn't you?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I inquired about that," was the reply, "and I found I could club for a mother."

"Club for a mother?" echoed Mrs. Jarr, as though the term implied an assault on a relative. "Club for a mother?"

"Why, yes," replied the other. "I could not expect to receive a large salary at first, so I would club in with several other young actresses to have a mother in common."

"We'd pick some respectable looking woman of good appearance who could dress the part well and she could accompany us when we were taken to cabarets, as that none of the ladies was mothering left their diamond rings in the wash room, see that taxi drivers did not overcharge us—in short, to be sister, reliable and make herself generally useful. These, I believe, are the usual duties of a club mother to young ladies on the stage."

"I'm sure it's all very confusing to me," Mrs. Jarr admitted. "But I do not see where you would need a club mother. I could chaperone you occasionally, for you would be going out much, for you would be busy studying to advance yourself so as to be ready at a moment's notice to take the place of some one who was taken ill. You

would be noted in the profession for the modesty of your behavior, and even the grizzled old stage door-keeper would take off his hat as you passed, as a tear would trickle down his grim old face as he thought of his own daughter, who, if she had lived—"

"As I understand it," interrupted Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, "the only time a tear trickles down a stage-door-keeper's wrinkled old face is when you don't tip him when he comes in to tell you there is a gentleman waiting for you in a limousine. You must have been reading stories like 'From Village Maid to Stage Celebrity.'"

Mrs. Jarr gave her friend a look of surprise. "Why, Clara Mudridge-Smith! What has changed you?" she asked.

"Everything has changed me," was the reply. "It's the war, and women getting the ballot and reading modern books, instead of the mid-Victorian stuff that interests you. I have been investigating, and I know that if anything happens to my husband, if he falls in business or if he dies, I am going on the stage or in moving pictures, and I have been making some inquiries of practical people who have had stage experience."

"Oh, I may, as I say, go in the movies; but whether I go in the movies or go on the speaking stage I have ascertained that three things are vital: First, a stage mother; second, a press agent; third, a good collection of photographs for my press agent to send the Sunday papers and magazines."

"These photographs will show me in overall working on my war farm, to be labelled 'The dashing stage (or movie) star, Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith, helping Hoover on her ten million dollar farm.' Then, during dog show week, I will be photographed showing me in my kennel of million dollar dogs, and donating the silver cups they win to war relief. In automobile show week I'll be photographed driving my million dollar car, which I will donate to Red Cross work," according to my press agent."

"But will you do all these things?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, I'll go on the stage or in the movies if my husband dies," said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, "but then, he's so selfish he never does anything for me when I want him to!"

WHAT THE U. S. OWNS.
"NEVER" country had such a fortune, as men call fortune, as this, in its geographical, its history and in its majestic possibilities.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Americans

Under Fire

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 59.—THE BACON REBELLION.

HE less a man can afford to quarrel the more quarrelsome he sometimes becomes. The same thing seems to be true with a group of men. It certainly was so with the first American colonies.

The newcomers had a hemisphere to colonize, a vast country to civilize and strengthen. It was a task that called for every man's mightiest efforts, day and night. Yet more than once the settlers halted in the great task and wasted time and life and energy in fighting one another. Which brings us to Bacon's rebellion. Nathaniel Bacon was an enthusiastic patriot. He loved the Virginia colony and sought to build it up in power and prosperity. And at every move in this direction he was blocked by the enmity of William Berkeley, governor of the colony. Berkeley held his office under direct grant from Charles II., King of England (who had just been restored to the throne and was busy killing the men who had put to death his father, Charles I.). But Bacon had behind him the best and most progressive element of the American colonists.

The first important clash between Bacon and Berkeley came when the former tried to save the Virginia colony from a threatened Indian massacre. Bacon mustered and drilled a regiment of his fellow colonists and prepared to march into the wilderness against the hordes of hostile Indians who were massing there for an attack on the various white settlements.

Bacon was bitterly jealous of Berkeley's popularity and brilliant courage. So he refused to give him a commission as leader of the militia, the only way to sanction the sending of any expedition against the savages.

This double refusal did not bother Bacon in the very least. Waiting for a commission or for leave to act he marshaled his militia and set forth with them for the Indian stronghold in the forest. There a swift but bloody war was waged. The American colonists were numbered by their red foes. But under Bacon's leadership they fought wildcats. Within a few weeks they had stamped out the last flicker of vestiges of the Indian uprising and returned to Jamestown.

The whole colony applauded Bacon as its deliverer. Berkeley, in turn, issued a proclamation on May 29, 1676, declaring Bacon a rebel and a traitor. This he backed up by sending a band of armed men to Bacon's Jamestown house to arrest him. Bacon did not resist. But he demanded and received a fair trial for his alleged offenses. In this trial he was triumphantly acquitted and the Governor was forced to promise him a commission.

Berkeley did not keep the promise. Instead—as if to punish the colonists for their adherence to Bacon—he imposed a set of new and vexatious taxes on the colony. He also refused to prepare against a new Indian invasion. The whole colony seethed with discontent. Bacon put himself at the head of five hundred armed men and threatened the Indians a second Berkeley a second time proclaimed him a rebel. But now Bacon's blood was up. Instead of submitting he marched in force upon Jamestown.

Berkeley sent out a body of colonial militia to crush the rebellion. "Bacon met and routed the Governor's troops and continued his advance on Jamestown. Berkeley, in terror, fled to sea. Bacon entered Jamestown and burned it to the ground—with his own hands setting fire to his own beautiful mansion first of all.

Then he proceeded to draw up plans for a better management of the colony, with himself as its ruler. In the midst of these preparations he died. His friends believe he had been poisoned by Berkeley's orders. The leader's death the rebellion dissolved.

Berkeley came back to power. His first official act was to put to death nearly all of Bacon's loyal followers who lay hands on. Among these victims were some of the best and most men in all the colony. King Charles, hearing of the wholesale execution, deposed Berkeley from power and ordered him back to England in disgrace, exclaiming:

"The old fool has taken more lives in that naked country than I have taken in my father's murder!"

The Seven Ages of Love

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

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No. 5.—THE AGE OF CYNICISM.

ANYONE, as everybody knows, is simply an ingrowing sentimentalist. When we have tried our dreams of love on some everyday human being whom they do not fit, we decide that all dreams are misfits and that we will put aside such childish indulgences and go in for something really worth while—say, work, or politics, or clubs, or philanthropy.

And for a time we try to persuade ourselves that this pale, cold interest we take in our new pursuits compensates for the loss of our faith in love.

And then we find out the new preoccupation to which we have dedicated dull, dry days—days that bored us so we lost all sense of time and place and felt every hour to be an eternity.

To some natures—and quite generally cynics possess such natures—love is as necessary as air and sunlight to plants. Women blossom visibly under the stimulus of love, and when women become cynics they are like flowers that have ceased to bloom and have been set away in a distant corner of the greenhouse to remain there, dark, dormant and dull till a new gardener brings them once more into the sunlight.

Women have much to make them cynical. In society the beauty who is poor may find herself surrounded by elderly Jacks, but the young men who would naturally seek her trail after flat-chested Miss Midos on whose head rests the halo of millions. The wit finds herself always under suspicion, the innocent suffers from the fact that she is far too innocent to try to appear so. I shall never forget my own feeling of shock and disgust when a man, looking after a young woman I knew to be an expert trader in charms, remarked rapturously: "There goes the most innocent and wholesome girl I have ever known." And this because she had told him she would never wear a low-necked gown to the opera, as she could not bear to be admired by strange men.

Women who work have even more occasion to be cynical than those who live by and for society. It is really rather a shock for a young girl beginning her first job to discover that a middle-aged man who inspires no more emotion in her than if he were

the prophet Isaiah regards him as a fatal and irresistible Don Juan. Doubtless men have just as many reasons for cynicism, but but woman I don't know them. And however convincing our reason for cynicism may be, there is thought which should stop us on the border of mutual contempt. It is thought expressed in Shelley's beautiful comment on the strawberry: "But less the Lord might have made a better berry, but doubtless he improved upon it. Women are more ideal, but they are never will be. And since they are all there is to love, the thing to do is to love, the eyes wide open but lips shut, to their defects. Shut, that is, every defect averse one. The man whom you love has a liar has built house upon quicksand. It is impossible to feel anything but awe for a liar. Some men and women are sure, compel their mates to lie, they do it by pettiness and unscrupulous actions. In such cases I am sure. Recording Angel will put the man who compels the lie. Women who become avenging